THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
Its Shores, its Islands, and
the vast region beyond, will
become the chief theatre
of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER.
W. H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate, 1851.
HOWLAND, NY.

New Series, No. 9, Vol. 28.} HONOLULU, SEPTEMBER 1, 1879. {Old Series, Vol. 36.

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THE FRIEND.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1879.

HON. W. MONEY.—Our Island readers are fully acquainted with the names and efforts of those residing here, who labored to secure the Treaty of Reciprocity. There were, however, members of Congress, unknown to us, who were deeply interested in its final passage. Perhaps none more so than the Hon. W. Money, who has been visiting the Islands. We have a distinct recollection of the testimony of Judge Allen, to the good offices of this gentleman, his efforts were the more praiseworthy, as he represented a sugar-growing district of the United States, and that region a southern portion of the nation. It was not a little remarkable that the Hon. Mr. Money should have risen above all sectional and party considerations, and come out upon the broad principles of national welfare and honor. We trust that in his subsequent career he may obtain a rich reward for his services which were so eminently conducive to our Island prosperity and the welfare of the United States, for as an American we have always regarded the Treaty, as not only mutually beneficial to both countries, but upon the whole as even more beneficial to America than it was to the Hawaiian Islands.

☞ Some one has kindly sent to our personal address, for two years and more the "Newtown Register," published in Long Island, N. Y. We would be glad to learn the name of our friend. The paper is newsy and ably edited.

☞ In our last issue, we noticed the "History of Lancaster, Mass." In books and publications of this character we take a special delight, for they are the foundation of general and universal history; We desire to return our thanks to Dr. Hyde and Judge Hartwell for placing on our table certain publications of this nature, abounding with a vast amount of useful information.

We have before us the "History of Lee, Mass.," the "Centennial Proceedings" of Sheffield, Mass., and a pamphlet relating to South Natick, Mass, where Eliot labored among the Indians and Mrs. Stowe found the outlines of such noted characters, as she has immortalized in her "Old Town Folks." The people of New England are, just now very much engaged in gathering up historical memoranda, and embodying the same in Town Histories and Centennial Celebrations. These book will be of incalculable service to the future historian and writer of Romances. Hawthorne has so clothed some of those old Puritans in garments of Romance, that they appear as fresh and life-like as they did two centuries ago. Mrs. Stowe is doing the same for the dwellers in other parts of New England, as well as for those of South Natick. "Minister's Wooing" is a most readable conglomorate of fact and fiction, history and romance. We doubt not some future writer will do for America, what Walter Scott has done for Scotland. The historic facts and real characters, are lying about only needing a master pen to describe and work them up.

JOSEPH COOKE ESQ.—Just as our paper was going to press, we received the obituary notice, in another column, relating to the death of one of our most esteemed citizens. It has been our privilege to have known him from childhood and to have ever watched his career with interest as a pupil at Punahou, a member of Yale College, a most honorable merchant and Christian laborer. In all the relations of life he has ever evinced a character for honesty, integrity and Christian propriety. Our sympathies go with his family and a wide circle of friends.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 32

THE WENDS OF THE SPREE-WALD.

(*A Sketch from Life.*)

My "Rambles" have lately led me among a singurlarly interesting people, the *Prussian Wends*, who are as a nation taking farewell of a world in which they have in other centuries played a no inconsiderable part. Their history, their interesting and unique life, the picturesque region they inhabit, and above all their grand and noble charcter and honest and loving hearts, have so captivated and won my sympathy and affection, that I feel constrained to share with others, something of the impressions which a recent visit among them has made upon me.

A French statesman has recently said "Les grandes agglomérations sont le resultat d'une loi providentielle." It would be useless to deny that the tendency of our age is towards these same "grandes agglomérations," and we should probably rejoice that such is the case, for it has doubtless a grand and beneficial influence upon the progress of the human race, in fact we thus hope in time to rise to the broad plain of a universal brotherhood. On the other hand no thoughful reader of history can fail to note the important role which lesser nations have played in the world's development. No pages of history are more luminous with the record of great deeds and heroic achievements than those devoted to the recital of the struggles of these valiant, though weak races against the assaults of large and irresistible forces and arms. This contest has been oftentimes marked by grand and moving pathos. We see in this fierce "struggle for life," the smaller forces slowly retreating, face ever turned to the foe. One vantage ground after another is lost till at length baffled, weary, and exhausted they are forced to lay down their arms, and are quickly lost sight of in the overwhelming ranks of the victors. Or, perchance, possessed of still greater vitality, they are enabled to hold their own for centuries of conflict having entrenched themselves in some remote or inhospitable region, and having cut off, as it would seem all manner of communication with the larger world without. We find examples of such national tenacity among certain peoples in various parts of the world. They have preserved their language more or less perfectly,—they are marked by certain national

characteristics—or it may be preserve only in rare tones of the voice or an occasional glance or gesture, some eloquent reminder of the stock from which they sprung. Like lonely, weary voyagers on some great and unknown ocean, do we meet these wanderers from other days, singing the songs which their fathers sang, but in broken cadence; clinging in secret, perhaps, to ancient superstitions which have grown wan and ghastly, in the light of the better and fuller day, which has dawned; repeating, as if possessed of some talesmanic power, the words of their ancient tongue. For one, I must confess, that I feel an especial tenderness for these smaller races, which are slowly but surely being merged in the "vastes agglomirations," whose old, poetic individual life is doomed to pass away, and whose languages will soon be embalmed treasures in the scholar's libraries.

As introduction to this singular people, I can scarcely do better than to quote some facts in reference to their history from the pages of a traveler, known personally to me who has preceded me in this region, and whose historical account I find most suggestive and interesting.

"THE PRUSSIAN WENDS AND THEIR HOME."

The Wends were carried into Northern Germany by the vast movement of peoples which took place in the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era. As fast as the Swevi, Franks, and other original German tribes swept over the Rhine and down upon the fair domains of the Roman Empire, their places were filled by other barbarians from the vast plains of Asia. In the adjustment of these races in the west it happened that the Sclaves or Sclavonians acquired nearly the whole region from the Elbe eastward, including Silesia, Poland, Prussia and much of what is now Russia. These were not indeed all Wends.

By the fifth century the Wends were firmly settled in their new homes. In culture, and refinement, in the arts, and conveniences of life, in agriculture, trade, and other industries, they were not behind the Saxons, their neighbors. They lived in towns and villages and possessed a rude system of civil government.

Their religion was a species of polytheism. They believed, indeed, in one supreme god—Belboy; but he seems to have been a Sclavic Jove among lesser divinities, the Wends and Saxons lived at peace and even in friendship.

Long before that, however, a more powerful foe had obstructed their traffic from the south. So long as the Saxons were heathen, and knew only the faith of their fathers, they could live peacefully with neighbors who were also heathen. But Christianity was a conquering religion. It could not be stagnant; it must advance; and the historian is forced to admit that in early times it was little scrupulous about the policy by which it spread itself among the unreclaimed barbarians. The missionaries were often indeed the pioneers, but the warrior followed not far behind.

Early in the ninth century the Saxons were converted to Christianity and their relations to the Wends were at once changed. They no longer saw a simple active and thriving people, whose products filled all the markets of the north, but a race of defiant heathen, who, at any price must be reduced under the sway of the Cross. They sent their bishops and abbots through the whole region, to Poland, to Pomerania, to Silesia, to the banks of the Elbe and the Oder. In some of these provinces as has been said, the conquest was easy. But in others, and notably along the right bank of the Elbe, below Magdeburg the opposition was strong, the struggle long and arduous. It seemed impossible to persuade the Wends to Christianity or to break their spirit by force. Subdued in places here and there, put under military governors, and compelled to accept the forms of the alien faith, they seized in every case the earliest chance to rise, expel their masters and restore their own chosen priests. About the middle of the 10th century it seemed as if their resistance had finally spent itself. In 983 while the Germans were occupied far away in Italy, the Wends rose again with the hour of vengeance, destroyed the churches, slaughtered the priests and with fire and sword obliterated every trace of Christianity. The Germans were driven far back over the Elbe, and for two centuries no attempt was made to recover the lost possession.

In the 12th century came Albert the Bear, and his advent sealed the doom of the Wends. He and his successors pursued indeed a liberal policy. The Wends who honestly embraced the Christian faith and German manner of life were placed on equal terms with the conquerors. Then there were Wendish peasants side by side with the Germans; Wendish towns which were Germanized not destroyed, one or two Wendish princes who were made German nobles, and founded some of the old Prussian families. But these were exceptions. The rule for a century was one of actual or truest hostility. The great body of the Wends fought the conquerors step by step, year after year, even century after century. At last the time came when they could no longer resist in the open field, finally the vast swamps of the Spreewald ceased to shelter them, and they have since been losing, day by day, all the elements which made them a distinct people. A Wendish writer says of his kinsmen that "their nationality, habits, and language are like the rock of Heligoland, from which the beating waves yearly tear away a piece, until finally the unlucky island shall disappear." Through the loss of its forests and the efforts of engineering skill, the region has been deprived of most of its original wildness. A hundred and even fifty years ago, it was almost an impassable forest and swamp."

BOATING IN THE SPREEWALD.

The Spreewald might almost be termed a suburb of the German capital, being easily reached in three or four hours by rail from Berlin. Till one has made the tour of this unique and picturesque region it would be difficult for him to imagine, that so delightfully fresh and primitively poetic a nook, lay so near the noise and bustle of the great and crowded city. It is surprising indeed that so few are aware what a charming ramble lies within their reach; better perhaps for those who do come and are permitted to enjoy it in its yet unspoiled simplicity. Availing myself of a few days of vacation at Whitsuntide, I left the busy streets of Berlin for the fragrant and bird-filled groves, which border the winding arms of the Spree. It was when the perfect month of June was enjoying her most perfect days. The late and tardy spring was atoned for by the matchless verdure of the early summer, and to all those who were permitted at this season to wander out from the cities of the German Fatherland into the beauty of her woods and country ways, this season could scarcely fail to have been a source of indescribable pleasure. My way led me first to the town of Lübben, which lies on the frontier of the Spreewald, which with Lübbenan and Vetschan, was "originally founded as a barrier against the aggressions of the Wends and formed part of a circle of forts which almost surrounded the forest." The town quiet and common place, enough in itself has, a certain poetic sacredness from the fact that that sweetest of "sweet singers," Paul Gerhard, lived and died here. He is buried in the village church, which stands among clustering trees, on one side of the quaint old market-place. Scarcely any relic of the 17th century is more precious to Germany, than the rarely, tenderly beautiful hymns of Gerhard, which seem now filled with martial music born of a triumphant and unwavering faith, and now melodious with the chime of far off vesper-bells, inviting to devotion and penitent prayer. Near the town of Lübben is a glorious grove of elms, which tradition says was once sacred to the Wendish goddess of love, "Ljuba." There is a charming freshness about traveling in the Spreewald which I found especially delightful. At Lübben one says good-bye to cars and rails, and takes to the more enjoyable if less swift traveling by boat. The river Spree in the early part of its course is for a number of miles a succession of rapids—but after this it strikes the most level of plains and spreads itself out into hundreds of arms, forming a perfect labyrinth—in the forest. Here is the home of the Wends. Afterwards the branches again unite and the river holds its way—on to the north. The Spreewald or Spree-forest has unfortunately for travelers and lovers of the beautiful in nature, largely disappeared—vast tracts, where a hundred years ago the trees stood in serried ranks hoary with age, are now wide spreading open fields. Still enough remains to show us how grand and beautiful it must have been. All through this extensive tract are scattered the villages and farms of the Wends and Germans,—the two races having in these later centuries struck a lasting peace, dwelling side by side in friendship. The Spreewald is something of a rural Venice—in our imagination changing the marble palaces—bordering the shores of the canal, for the arching beauty of the splendid forest trees, and seeing in the blue-eyed Wendish boatman and his swift and dexterously guided "kahn" a reminder of his darker—but I think scarcely more poetic brother, singing to the dip of his gondola—oars. Surely no fairer—more perfect sunshine ever lighted the gold and marbles, of San Marco, than that which in June glints through the leafy aisles—of this northern forest. The boatmen seem born to the oar. I have seen tiny Wendish maidens too—in their quaint and picturesque costumes, darting through the shadows of the forest, like tropical birds guiding their boats, with a skill that a professional oarsman might have envied. Every one, man, woman and child, seems at home on these "liquid ways," which are as dear to them as the country-lanes to the peasantry of England. So have they lived for centuries, each life—from the early festivities attending the baptism—until the coffin is placed reverently in the prow of the boat—and the "Dober naz" or "good-night" is said, and the body borne away to the little burying ground, having been spent as much on the water as the land. It is the very poetry of travel! One takes his seat in a long, flat-bottom boat, which is often times most comfortably arranged, but where generally the only seat is a bundle of straw. The oarsman, does not row or scull but "poles" from the stern. Your boatman being behind you, at times you seem almost

alone in the solitude of the forest. The morning air is delicious with the perfumed breath of the early summer. You have taken your seat in your boat which you have engaged for a day or two, and your bronzed-cheeked, and blue-eyed boat man has already won your heart by his kindly respectful words. You have in a moment entered a new world, a magical *under world.* Your eye is on a level with the long, but graceful river-grasses which hitherto you have crushed with your foot in passing or bent to gather. Here they brush against your cheek at every turn. I felt as if I had found a new jewel in the open casket of nature—one, which, those men, who with annointed eyes, living in the enjoyment of her treasures, seeing beauty where other men never cared to look, would have known how to prize. It seemed as if, by some higher spiritualism, one felt the presence of such poets as Thoreau, Keats or Shelley,—quaint, and wondrous growths such as I had never known before, lifted themselves into view. Reeds and rushes, water lilies and blue forgetmenots form our way side hedge. The air is full of murmur and music. Over our heads the long, graceful branches of thousands of elms form a leafy roof, pierced with arrows of sunlight. Now our boat lingers in some shadowy pass of the forest, now darts out into the wide expanse of open fields, where the tasselled grain and emerald grass—rise and fall, fall and rise again, like waves, as the summer wind sweeps over them. All the birds of the north and spring are singing —from the lark high up in the blue,—to the nightingale who mistakes the glooms of the forest for the shadow of night. We visit little villages, quaint and picturesque and peaceful, guarded by the spire of the church and the tower of the castle. We exchange friendly words and greetings with the country folk whose boats meet ours at some sharp turn in the forest or in the passage through the fields. It is the first of haying time and the barges come down the river, floating islands of verdure—piled high with the moist grass and sweet with wild flowers. Hour after hour we spend on the water. Night finds us at a friendly farmer's home among the oaks, still another day, with boating and rambling and we come to a comfortable little inn in the heart of the forest and not far away from the

WENDISH SETTLEMENT, BURG.

I have already alluded to the bounds of the Spreewald, within which lie a number of Wendish towns and villages. The most interesting in many respects is the town of Burg, where an excellent opportunity is afforded the visitor of seeing the people in their picturesque national costume. My visit in the Spreewald was well-timed being at Whitsuntide, so that I had a most excellent opportunity of studying the Wends at one of their holiday seasons. They are protestants, and are a singularly religious people, preserving much of that old simplicity and earnestness of faith, which is so often wanting among the dwellers in many parts of Germany. The large church with its tower, forms the center of the little town, about which the neat and cozy homes of the Wends are grouped. It forms also the center towards which the inhabitants of the country for many miles around flock on Sundays and fête days. The Wends are a thrifty sturdy, honest race. They have forced the land of this great marsh to produce rich and abundant harvest, and many of them are wealthy peasants, living in the midst of wide spreading and fruitful farms. Unfortunately, for many reasons, the Wendish language is fast disappearing. The language is Sclavic closely related to the Polish and Russian. Notwithstanding the great number of consonants which form the words, the language when spoken or sung, sounds most musically. Nearly all the Wends speak German, and German and Wendish go side by side in the schools, though the language of the Teuton will in time wholly displace that of the Sclave. Germany has no better, truer, more loyal sons and daughters than the Wends. She has sent her best and noblest men to fight and fall for the Fatherland, and in the village churches one's attention is first of all drawn to the names of those who fell in the wars of this century.

I have seen nothing so charmingly picturesque among the peasantry of Switzerland, or Norway, as the gathering of the Wends in the village church at Burg. On Whit-Sunday, I walked down from my little hotel in the forest, a mile, perhaps, to the village. The first day, of the festival is regarded by the peasants as peculiarly sacred and the women appear in solemn, white and black. The worthy cantor or school-master of the town, had told me that I must not fail to be present at the service on Monday, and I found that he was right. It was certainly one of the most brilliant sights which I have seen in all my travels. The following description of the dress of the women, will enable you to understand somewhat better, how bright a congregation must be where the women by hundreds are in such costumes. "The head dress is made of a single square piece of linen as white as snow and starched with exquisite art which is bound about the head. It stands out on each side like a great fan. A jacket of velveteen with full white sleeves is not enough for the body; over this small shawls of oriental brilliancy are tightly and neatly pinned. The shawls are sometimes worn instead of the white linen on the head and with the long fringe falling down look very fantastic and picturesque. The skirts always make up in width, what they lack in length. They are usually of plain woolen goods, red, blue, green, or orange. trimmed at the bottom by a band of black velvet ribbon or some plain stripe. The lining is of the stiffest crinoline. There is still another costume worn by widows and by communicants at the Sacrament. The skirt is black and instead of the heavy linen head dress a piece of thin white mull is laid across the head, with a black ribbon to keep it in place. The face sinks down into an immense Elizabethan ruff of the same material." Just endeavor to picture this unique assemblage. From the country far around they have been gathering for hours. The winding canals, the shadowy-passes of the forest, the fields of standing grain have been lighted up all along by these brilliant-peasant dresses. The interior of the church is tastefully and profusely decorated with festoons and wreaths and branches and boughs of elm and alder, green with the beauty of summer. The body of the church is filled by the women, numbering several hundred, so that as we look down upon them from above, these brilliant and gorgeous costumes, seem like great tropical blossoms in a garden-parterre.

The men occupy the long galleries, their dress being in striking contrast to that of the women, that of the latter being all color and glitter. the former, sober and precise black, relieved now and then by some more ancient coat in blue with huge brass buttons. The service and sermon are in Wendish. The people all join in the slow singing of the chorals and bend devoutly in prayer. The clergyman is a young man, in black robe and bands, with a refined and scholarly face. I came to know him later and found him a most agreeable and intelligent gentleman, an educated Wend, who is devoting his life, faithfully and successfully to his people. The organ fills the church with its deep melody, once more after the service, then comes a baptism, and then the great congregation pass out in the same quiet decorous manner in which they have entered. And now is the time to see the display of the Wendish dress. The village streets are bright with color. The open square before the grey church is, in the radiant sunshine, a mosaic of blue and crimson, green, violet, scarlet, orange, brown, rose color.

The Wendish women seem to have an oriental fondness for color and display. Some of them are beautiful, with complexions which many a high born lady might envy, lustrous white suffused with the rose and red which their life in the fragrant forests in the flowery fields, under the blue of their native sky can alone impart. There are "studies" for an artist at every turn, here a group of maidens, daughters of the wealthier peasants, the country aristocracy in their brilliant and often costly costumes, chatting with the brown, honest, blushing farmer boys, with huge, roses in their button-holes. Here a bent and wrinkled grandmother, clinging to her staff, and carrying her carefully folded handkerchief and prayer book, looking in her quaint costume, as if she had stepped out of an ancient picture A rosy cheeked maiden, stands unconscious of the artistic effect, under some arching door-way festooned with clinging ivy—quiet groups gather among the yet quieter graves of the little burrying ground. But most attractive of all are the dear little Wendish maidens, mere babies, walking with all the stateliness of an empress, and dressed in as quaint a style as their mothers. Slowly they are scattering to their homes. Far off amid the green fields you catch the gleam of a scarlet skirt or orange turban, vanishing at length in the shadows of the forest, and so closes this carnival of color which repeats itself, with each recurring Sabbath and fête day. One of my delightful excursions in the neighborhood of Burg was to the Burgberg, now a grass and grain grown rampart, where it is said the ancient Kings of the Wends had for centuries their castle and fortress. There have been most interesting relics of late years found here. The view from the mound over the wide spread-

ing plain, with its fertile fields and meadows, and verdant groves, loved of the nightingales, is beautiful in the extreme. It fascinated and held me till the sunlight died in the West, and the evening shadows fell.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

One quiet afternoon as I was reading in the garden of my Forest-hotel, I was pleasantly startled by hearing a voice, cheerily calling out to me, "*Aloha!*" Imagine my surprise! Had the oaks and elms of the Spreewald learned the language of Hawaii? It was my kind friend the good Cantor of Burg, who had so pleasantly surprised me, and when I questioned him further I learned that a gentleman, a remarkable linquist, who has been spending some time amongst the Wends, studying their character, life and language, had taught him our greeting. This led to my meeting a little later this same gentleman, Herr Dr. Sanerwein, whose acquaintance will be among the very pleasant memories of my visit in this most interesting region. The doctor is a gentleman of rare and wide scholarly attainments, and is a poet in heart and nature. For his kind hospitality, (I was his guest for several days in a little tree-embowered Wendish village, of idyllic beauty, with groves of which Bryant might have sung); and for the opportunity given me of meeting with so rich and highly gifted a nature, keenly sensitive to the beautiful both in the real and the ideal of life, I shall always be most sincerely grateful. He has studied languages without end, of many of them he is master and sings his songs in I know not how many tongues. He is one of those men "to know whom is to be rich." Years ago he interested himself in the Hawaiian, obtaining of this musical language as correct an idea as is possible through books. This of course formed immediately a bridge on which we met. The days I spent as his guest will ever seem to me a blending of Hawaii and the Spreewald, so much did our words and thoughts have to do with those lands of the North and South. Through his kindness I had the pleasure of seeing much of the Wends. A company of them came to sing for me their ancient melodious folk-songs, bringing me flowers as our Hawaiians do. I saw them in their homes nestling picturesquely among the trees, talked with them in the fields, working amidst the sunshine and the rain, watched them in their country dances and festivities, breathed as it were for a time the poetry of their simple, honest, beautiful life. Do you wonder that my memories of the Spreewald are pleasant. To all the kind friends who there did so much to make my stay agreeable, I take this opportunity of sending my *aloha nui loa.*

A GREETING FROM THE SPREEWALD TO HAWAII.

I have the pleasure of sending to Her Majesty, the Queen, a picture of a large group of Wendish maidens, in the unique and picturesque national costume, accompanying this, a poem in the Wendish language, composed in honor of Her Majesty, by Herr Dr. Sanerwein, together with a free translation of the same in English. The Wends manifested the greatest interest in our beautiful islands and, I think, the health of their Hawaiian Majesties was never more heartily drank than among the Wends of the Spreewald.

It may be of interest to some to see the original of this littte poem:

Daloko podpot'onu nam
Laz'y kraj tak z'ognowany:
Dobry Kral sfe Kne'z'y tam,
A Kralowka Kapiolani.

Daloko how potnozy
Laz'y Kraj tak' zognowany,
Kenz 'tog 'Krala postwwi
A Kralowka Kapiolani.

Wama groni tak nasch Kraj:
"Pecheze, Kral, buz' z'ognowany
Nebjo Schi scho dobre daj
A Kralowze Kapiolani."

Far away to South and West
Lies a country richly blest,
Governed by a gracious King:
Him, His Queen, too, we will sing.

Far away in East and North
Lies another land of worth;
Fairest maids, that country's wealth
Pledge a bumper to Your health.

This is what our country says:
"Blest, O King, be all your ways,
God from Heaven give joys serene
To Yourself and to your Queen."

F. WILLIAMS DAMON.

Hawaiian Legation, Berlin, July 16, 1879.

☞ The arrival of the distinguished visitors the Hon. W. M. Gwinn, Hon. W. Money, Hon. F. B. Low and Hon. F. McCoppin, reminds us of events thirty years ago in California, when it was our privilege to make a tour through Oregon and California. Most vividly do we recall the celebration of the 4th of July, 1849, in the grove where now stands the City of Sacramento, when the Hon. Mr. Gwinn addressed the assembled multitude. We had just arrived from an excursion across the plains from Stockton, where it had been our privilege to deliver the first sermon ever preached in that city. We copy as follows from our journal as published in the FRIEND of December, 1849

"The country between Stockton and Sutter's Fort, is very level, and dry. A part of the distance the traveller passes through extensive "oak openings," Weary and sunburnt, we arrived at the Fort, about 12 o'clock, having rode nearly seventy miles since 3 o'clock, of the previous afternoon.—

July 4th:—The morning was ushered in with the firing of cannon and crackers. It had been reported that Col. Fremont, Hon. T. B. King, and other distinguished visitors would probably be present on the occasion. In this respect there was a general feeling of disappointment. The day however must not be passed unnoticed. Arrangements were made for public addresses in the Oak Grove lying between the Fort, and Sacramento City. At 1 o'clock, a numerous audience assembled when the following order of exercises was observed:—

Prayer, by Rev.S. C. Damon.

Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by Mr. McLellan.

Oration by Dr. Deal.

Address, by Hon. Mr Gwinn.

Almost every state of the Union, and part of the world had its representatives on that occasion."

After 30 years it is pleasant again to meet Sen. Gwinn. During these thirty years what stirring scenes have been witnessed in the world's history. There is one pleasing incident in the life of the distinguished Senator, to which we refer with delight. About the year 1857 a crew of Japanese landed destitute and friendless in San Francisco. Among them was a bright and intelligent lad, who was so fortunate as to attract the Senator's attention, and was taken by him to Washington and there educated. Years pass and the young man returns to the Pacific Coast and joined the *Fennimore Cooper* about 1860, under command of Capt. Brooks, who had been commissioned to take the deep soundings from San Francisco to Japan, via Honolulu. Some of our readers will remember young Hiko, who was the guest of the Attorney General, Mr. Bates. After arriving in Japan, he became a merchant, and we have frequently heard of him as exceedingly prosperous in business. Shakespeare aptly remarks:

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Since writing the above Mr. Gwinn has related the following anecdote respecting his old protege. During the civil war, Hiko was Secretary of the Japanese Legation in Washington, and when visiting some friends in Georgetown, he was arrested as General Beauregard, and could not obtain his release until he had sent for evidence to Washington, where he was well-known.

Hawaii at Amherst.

Among the graduating class of Amherst College for this year we notice three belonging to the islands, viz: Charles A. Peterson, Benjamin Bond and Oliver Shipman. The former arrived by a late vessel, having been absent just four years. His brother Arthur arrived a few weeks previous, having been studying law at Michigan University and Plymouth, Mass. It is exceedingly pleasant to meet young men returning, after spending a few years in Colleges, and ambitious to acquire an education to fit them for professional life.

Mr. Peterson speaks of a pleasant re-union of the sons and daughters of Hawaii at Amherst, coming to enjoy the festivities of the commencement season. The gathering embraced the following: Fanny Andrews, graduate of South Hadly; Luella Andrews, from Almira, N. Y., Female Seminary; and Florence Andrews. These are daughters of the late Rev. C. B. Andrews, of Maui.

Rev. William Bond, graduate of Andover Theological Seminary; Benjamin Bond and Abbie Bond, from Bradford Female Seminary. These are children of the Rev. E. Bond, of Kohala, Hawaii.

Oliver Shipman and Clara Shipman, from Abbott Female Seminary, Andover. These are children of Mrs. Reed, formerly Mrs. Shipman, of Hilo.

It may be well imagined that at such a gathering these young people must have enjoyed much in recalling their island experiences and their student lives.

RECOGNITION OF HAWAII IN GERMANY.—Among the frequent notices of our Islands in European papers, there has recently appeared a long communication, in the "Deutsche Rundschau," a leading Monthly in Berlin, upon the Hawaiian Islands. It is written by Dr. Boehe, surgeon on board the German vessel of war, *Arcona*, visiting Honolulu in 1875. This article is highly appreciative of the Islands and of the foreign society to which the writer was inroduced while here. The editor of the "Rundschau" has forwarded a copy to His Majesty, with the following letter, which we are permitted to publish, accompanied with His Majesty's appreciation of the favor:

SIRE:—The undersigned editor of the "Deutsche Rundschau" begs to have the honour of presenting to your Majesty a copy of a report on the Hawaiian Islands, which has appeared in the current number of the said periodical.

The hospitality which your Majesty most graciously lately has bestowed on our Prince, Henry of Prussia, and the treaty of friendship and commerce, now on the eve of conclusion, between the Hawaiian and the German governments, have naturally excited the desire of my countrymen, to learn more about that far-off kingdom of isles, which, under your Majesty's paternal sceptre, enjoys so much real happiness.

It would be highly agreeable to me, if your Majesty might see in the publication of this sketch a sign of the interest, goodwill and kind feeling, which the German people bears towards the Hawaiian people; and in the presentation to your Majesty a sign of the deep respect and homage, with which I am, Sire,

Your most obedient humble servant,

DR. JULIUS RODENBERG.

Knight of the Royal Prussian Order of the Crown, of the Royal Bavarian Order of St. Michael and of the Royal Portuguese Order of Christ.

Berlin, W. Margarethenstrasse, I., July 15th, 1879.

KINDNESS RECOGNIZED.—On a former trip of the *Kalakaua*, a stranger took passage for the Islands, for the benefit of his health. Capt. Jenks and wife did all in their power for his comfort, even allowing him to occupy their stateroom, he died on the passage, his name was G. G. Wayne of Piladelphia. Capt. Jenks wrote to his friends, and the Masonic Lodge of which he was a member. So highly did these parties appreciate the kind services of Captain and Mrs. Jenks, that the Williamson Lodge of Philadelphia, sent to him a handsomely framed testimonial while his friends presented Mrs. Jenks, with a gold watch and chain. It is with pleasure we note such expressions of appreciation for services rendered, and their infrequency only renders them more praiseworthy.

OAHU COLLEGE, opens on Wednesday of this week. The teachers are on the ground and a full school is expected.

THE LAST OF HAWAIIAN PIONEER MISSIONARIES.—Among the first company of American Missionaries landed here in 1820 were Daniel Chamberlain, wife and five children. Mr. C, came out as a farmer, after a so-journ of a year or more, he returned with his family, as it was not found practicable to carry on farming-operations for the benefit of the mission or natives. The last survivor of that first company was, Mrs. Jerusha Chamberlain, who died at Quincy, Mass., June 27 at the advanced age of ninety two years and seven months.

We would merely add, that among the Pioneer English ladies arriving here in early times was Mrs. Mary Taylor, sister of the wife of the British Consul, Mr. Charlton, and that she now resides in London, at the advanced age of about 87 years, and in good health, and a constant reader of the "FRIEND."

OUR European Correspondent in his letter of this month alludes to the Poet, Paul Gerhardt. He was born in the year 1606, and died in 1676. One critic styles him "the best sacred lyrical poet of the seventeenth century." His best hymns are now sung in Germany, England and America. One of his best hymns commences thus:

"Give to the winds thy fears!
Hope and be undismayed!
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this might
Soon end in joyous day."

—676. *Sabbath Hymn Book.*

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Aug. 3—Am bk Forest Queen, Winding, 14 days from S F
4—Brit bk Lady Lampson, Marston, 15 days from S F
4—P M S S Australia, Cargill, from Sydney
5—Am sch Bonanza, Miller, 17 days from S F
5—Am tern Hera, Monsen, 20 days from Astoria
8—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, 13 days from S F
9—Am bk J D Peters, Lane, 48 days from Sydney
9—Am bk Jenny Pitts, Sievert, 26 days from Port Gamble
11—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, from S F
16—Haw bgtne Pomare, Gooding, from Ookala, Haw
16—Am sh Gov Goodwin, Lester, 108 days fm Glasgow
17—Am schr Caroline Medau, Winants, 14 dys fm S F
18—Raiatea schr Vivid, English, 10 days from Fanning's Island
Aug 23—Brit ship Ravenscrag, Biggan, 153 days from Liverpool, via Madeira, 123 days
25—Am topsail schr Eustace, Boie, from San Francisco, via Kahului
29—Am topsail schr Eustace, Boie, from sea, leaking

DEPARTURES.

July 29—Am bk Cyane, Hanson, for San Francisco
29—Raiatea sch Vivid, English, for Fannings Island
30—Haw bk Hawaii, Wood, for South Sea Islands
Aug. 5—P M S S Australia, Cargill, for San Francisco
5—French bk Alphonsine Zelie, Lebeaupin, for S F
10—Am bk J D Peters, Lane, for San Francisco
12—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for Sydney
13—German bk Malvina, for Hongkong
15—Am schr Bonanza, Miller, for San Francisco
19—Brit bk Dovenby, Penuey, for Portland, O
19—Am bk Forest Queen, Winding, for San Francisco
19—Raiatea schr Vivid, English, for Fannings Island
20—Brit bk Lady Lampson, Marston, for S Francisco
22 Am sch Caroline Medau, Winants, for Fannings Is
25—Am topsail schr Eustace, Boie, for San Francisco
27—Am bk Jenny Pitts, Sievert, for Port Gamble
29—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, for San Francisco

PASSENGERS.

From San Francisco, per W H Meyer, July 26—H Fischel.

For Micronesia, per Hawaii, July 29—Dr and Mrs Finsch, and servant.

From Whampoa, per Malvina, July 28—240 Chinese. (239, 1 female.)

From San Francisco, per Kalakaua, July 29—Mrs Schwartx, and two children, Augo Kellman, U Schunder, J Schamchlir, R W Baird, Q Marks, W S Meyer, 60 Chinese; (59 male 1 female,)

For San Francisco, per Australia, Aug 5—Mrs Dudoit and daughter, Miss F Corney, J H Coleman, Jas R Watson, E V Sourdey, Dr M H Biggs, Daniel Orien, Mrs T H Henderson, C Mowking, Mrs A Hutchinson, Miss Hardy, T G Tucker, Wm F Paty, G C Williams and wife, Miss A F Johnson, Miss F Wetmore, E D Wetmore, D Atherton, W H McLean, Rev D Boyd and wife, Miss L Boyd, Mrs A F Judd and 4 children, Mrs Norton and 2 children, Miss Anna Woodward, G Luproil, S C Ruzzell, Jas Pettigrew, G Raupp, Mrs Louis Asler and 2 children, Miss Mary Davis, J T Gorman, J M Coleman, R L Fountain, W Goodam, Charles Base, R Wallace, T C Windt, Sylva Gomez, E Hernandez, C A Gronne, F H Wilt, W J Martin, T P McKenzie.

For San Francisco, per Alphonsine Zelie, Aug 4—Alex De la Nux, Aug De la Nux and wife and 2 children, P A De la Nux, Palolo (k)

From San Francisco, per Bonanza, Aug 5—John Edwards.

From San Francisco, per H W Almy, Aug 8—David I Beck, John E Steurs, H Bereng, C Peterson, John Bellbridge.

From San Francisco, per Forest Queen, Aug 4—J R Richards, A H Woody, C Pendergast, H Menning, G Aster, and 4 Chinese.

From San Francisco, per City of Sydney, Aug 11.—W L Carpenter, J McKnight, Miss Sittman, Mr Monsarratt, F F Porter, J M Glade, wife and child, Miss Caulin, J Tewksbury, Jules Ratard, Mrs A J Garrick, W R Chilton, A H Stinson, Dr Gwinn, Miss Gwinn and maid, J Brodie, E P Adams, Hon Frank McCoppin, J D Spreckles, M Money, wife and child, Mrs M E Gwinn, J H Hughes, S B Dole and Wife, Miss King, Martin Park, J Lyons, R S Scringeon, Hon F F Low, T H Davies wife and child, Miss Cogsworth, Miss Davis, S A Swalin, E McKenzie, E Tunis, H C Folder, Mr A Richardson, H Dimond, Chas Neilson, Mrs Wilder son and daughter, and 85 steerage.

For San Francisco, per Bonanza, August 15—Mr Goody, Mr Kaulman.

For San Francisco, per Forest Queen, Aug 19—C E Smith, W B Irwin, M C Wilson, S Dargh, J Kelly, Jas Schwim, J K Brukett and wife, Col Norris, J Mellody, C E Vane, E Enbaum, P H O'Brien, J N Earle.

From Madeira Islands, per Ravenscrag, Aug 25—135 males, 110 females, 178 children.

For San Francisco, per H W Almy, Aug 29—Mrs J A Mix, Henry Krall, E T Webb.

MARRIED.

MCCULLY—KELLY.—In Hamakua, Hawaii, July 20th, at the residence of Mr C Coakes, by Rev J Bicknell, CHAS MCCULLY to Mrs AMANDA KELLEY.

DIED.

COOKE—At his residence in this city, at 8 o'clock P. M., on the 29th August, JOSEPH P. COOKE, Esq., of the firm of Castle & Cooke.

Mr. Cooke was born in Honolulu, on the 15th of June 1838, consequently was 41 years of age. His youth was spent here, chiefly at Punahou School where he prepared for college in company with other young men who have attained positions of respectability and influence in this country, and the United States, amongst others Hon. A. F. Judd of the Supreme Bench, Dr. N. Emerson and General Armstrong of Hampton School. He graduated from Yale College in 1863, and immediately took the place of his father, (who on account of ill health had been obliged to retire from the active duties of the firm) in the house which his father had aided in establishing.

Upon the death of the latter he became a partner. From the time of his connection with the house in 1863 he has been known in this community as a clear sighted, active and upright business man. He was active and influential in the Fort Street Church of which he was a member, trustee and treasurer. His presence was always welcomed in the social circle. He was a good son and brother and friend, and a beloved husband and father. He will be missed from the business community from the church, the social circle; but most of all from his home, by the widow and the children whom he has left behind. His last days though filled with pain from which he would fain have been released, were days of peace,—the peace which Jesus gives to his beloved. No murmur escaped his lips in his hours of anguish, but now he rests from his pains. To die was gain to him though loss to us.

"The memory of the righteous is blessed."—COM.

PFLUGER—In Honolulu August 2nd, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs J W. Pfluger, aged 3 months and 22 days.

WEED—In this city, on the 17th inst., MARY CARTWRIGHT KEALIINOHOPUA, eldest daughter of Frederick M. and Sarah K. Weed, aged 14 years and 25 days.

DUNCAN—In this city, on Sunday, the 17th of August, ANITA CATARINA MAPUAHILANI, youngest daughter of John A. and Rosa Duncan, aged 4 months and 26 days.

BROWN—In this city, Aug. 28, G. W. BROWN, aged about 50 years, a native of New York city.

The Discipline of Life.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

"I own it; He bruises; He pierces me sore.
But the hammer and chisel affect me no more.
Shall I tell you the reason? It is that I see
The sculptor will carve out an angel from me.

"I shrink from no suffering, how painful so e'er,
When once I can feel that my God's hand is there;
For soft on the anvil the iron shall glow,
When the smith with his hammer deals blow upon blow."

"God presses me hard, but He gives patience too,
And I say to myself "'Tis no more than my due;
And no tone from the organ can swell in the breeze
Till the organist's fingers press down on the keys."

"So come then and welcome, the blow and the pain,
Without them no mortal can Heaven attain.
For what can the sheaves on the barn floor avail
Till the thresher shall beat out the chaff with his flail."

"'Tis only a moment God chastens with pain,
Joy follows on sorrow like sunshine on rain;
There bear then what God on thy spirit shall lay,
Be dumb, but when tempted to murmur, then pray."

London "Times" on American Missionaries in Turkey.

A correspondent of the *Times* thus writes:

I met a gentleman (Rev. Elias Riggs, D. D.) at Aintab—an old man, whose whole life had been devoted to good works, in the East—who, beside being a scholar in the usual acception of the terms spoke French, Italian, and German, and has translated, or assisted others to translate, the Bible into modern Greek, Bulgarian, Armenian, Arabic, and Turkish. As a linguist I doubt if his equal exists, but his modesty exceeds his great knowledge, and it was not till I had lived under the same roof with him for several days that I became aware of powers so rare and deep In some cases enthusiasm leads men to take an exaggerated view of the results of their labors. It would be surprising if it were not so; but, as a rule, I found the missionaries filled with the plain common sense for which the New England agriculturists are celebrated. They are all married, live in comfortable, clean houses, and are simple and unpretending in their habits, following as near as possible the habits and customs of their forefathers to which they had been accustomed before they left their native land. They neither drink wine nor smoke tobacco, and though their toleration allows the guest within their gates to indulge in the latter bad habit, yet they never provide strong drink for them or for any one.

"Looking down from an eminence, as do these simple, disinterested, shrewd men, on the intrigues and scandals going on around them, I believe their opinions on the condition of the provinces and the provincial populations to be more unbiased and valuable than any other. Any one whose duty it is to become acquainted with the state of the country cannot do better than obtain his information from, I might almost say, this, the only pure, disinterested source that exists in this country."

The above observations upon American Missionaries in Turkey, correspond with the remarks, which we recently heard drop from the lips of His Excellency Ex-Governor Low, respecting American Missionaries in China. The Governor was for four years, U. S. Minister at Pekin. In the most unqualified manner he acknowledged his indebtedness to Missionaries, but specially to the Hon. S. Wells Williams, author of "Middle Kingdom" and now Professor of Chinese, at Yale college. Mr. Williams, for several years acted as Secretary of the American Legation, officiating with great ability as translator. Gov. Low, also referred, after the same manner, to Rev. S. R. Brown D D. now in Japan, but who accompanied Commodore Perry at the opening of Japan. He was the only gentleman in China, who was found acquainted with the Japanese language, and could act as interpreter for the Expedition. While Missionaries do not go abroad for political or secular purposes, it is gratifying to learn that their abilities are appreciated, by diplomats and plenopotentiaries of the great nations.

Astor's Estate.

"A large portion of the income from the splendid estate of the Astor's goes in the way of charity."

We met with the above, in the letter published in the *Advertiser* of August 23rd, by W. N. A. This allusion reminds us of a singular fact, we recently meet with, while reading John Jacob Astor's life, by James Parton, and published by the Am. News Company. Astor was born in Germany, July 17th, 1763. He landed in New York, in the winter of 1783—4, from the steerage of an immigrant ship. The Captain, once spoke rather roughly to the unknown passenger, but subsequently commanded a ship owned by Astor, who commenced business as a dealer in "Furs and Pianos," 40 Little Dock street. For the purpose of selling some of his furs, he visited London. There he visited, "East India House," and found the Governor, an old schoolmate. The Governor was delighted to meet his old playmate, and asked if there was any thing he could do for him. He finally gave him, two documents. One was simply a "Canton prices-current," and the other, was a "carefully engrossed permit on parchment, authorizing the ship that bore it to trade freely and without any molestation at any of the ports monopolized by the East India Company."

As first result, Astor's first venture derived a profit of $55.000, in silver. This was packed in barrels and sent to Astor's store. When Mrs. Astor saw them, she asked what was in the barrels? he replied; "The fruits of our East India pass."

Mr. Parton, Astor's Biographer makes the following, rather singular statement and if true shows the interesting fact that "Sandal wood" cut on the Sandwich Islands, contributed *essentially* to the making of Astor's princely fortune. Mr. Parton quotes from "Old Merchants of New York" 1st Series, as follows:

"He went to the ship-owner, and got back his pass. He then bought a ship. and loaded her with an assorted cargo. On her way out, she touched at the Sandwich Islands to take in water and fresh provisions. They also laid in a large stock of firewood.

"When this ship reached Canton a mandarin came on board, and noticing their firewood, asked the price of it at once. The Captain laughed at such a question, but signified that he was open to an offer. The mandarin offered $500 a ton, and every part of it was sold at that price. That was *sandal* wood.

"For seventeen years Mr. Astor enjoyed the lucrative sandal-wood trade without a rival. No other concern in the United States or England knew the secret. Nor was it discovered until a shrewd Boston ship-owner detailed a ship to follow one of Mr. Astor's, and observe the events of the voyage. Then, for some time, that house was a participant in this valuable trade.

"It was a curious fact that Mrs. Astor knew more of the value of furs than he did. She would select a cargo for the Canton market, and make no mistake."

We should be exceedingly glad to learn if the above statement can be confirmed by other documentary evidence.

Weston's Centrifugals.

Some of our readers will remember D. M. Weston, Esq, of Boston, who formerly resided in Honolulu, and while here commenced his experiments upon Centrifugal sugar machinery, which have now become celebrated in all sugar growing countries. The principle seems now to be found applicable to many other operations, and labor-saving contrivances. We copy the following from the *Boston Herald*, of June 29th:—

A German in the fatherland, in 1877, invented an apparatus for mechanically separating the heavier from the lighter fluids in the composition of milk, by the application of centrifugal motion to the milk in a simple piece of machinery. When the contrivance was perfected and applied practically, the result proved to be only the application of the same principle, in almost the identical form, which Mr. Weston, well enough known in Boston, had already utilized in the centrifugal sugar machine, the laundry machine, ets. Mr. Weston holds patents in this country for these discoveries, and has recently continued and extended his operations in the same direction by preparing a centrifugal machine for the separation of milk. The machine finished, the already celebrated "Deerfoot Farm," Southboro, Mass., with its dairy of 60 Jersey cows and extensive facilities for experiment, was chosen for the setting up and perfecting; and, at the present time, the enterprise is as assured a success as though it had been inaugurated 20 years ago, the machine is working wonders, its performance is systematized and under perfect control, and revolution in the dairy business has taken place, in more senses than one, bu its use.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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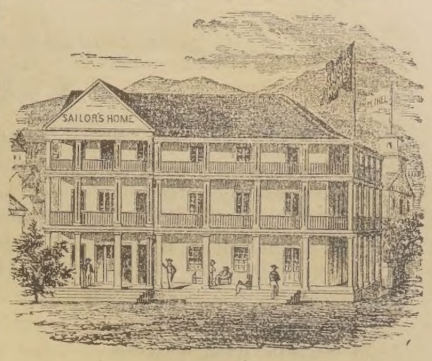

ED. DUNSCOMBE,
Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

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Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

IT SHOULD be our great desire and purpose as christians to see the Young Mens Christian Association of Honolulu fill well the place it is intended to occupy. The field is a large one and the work to be done can be indefinitely enlarged. In union there is strength. To this end we would urge an increased attendance at our regular monthly and Sabbath Evening meetings. Let us look on these gatherings as so many opportunities afforded of mutually imparting and receiving christian experience and instruction. We take great pleasure in placing before our readers part of an address delivered by the Rev'd Thomas Guard of San Francisco before our sister association of that place. We regret that our space is not sufficient to give it at full length:

Young men, we want you for our Lord and Master's service. The Chuch needs you. Her head looks to you. The future of our religious life and of our country's weal, is at your disposal. In the struggle for the truth, swiftly drawing nigh, we wish to feal that you follow "the banner to be displayed because of the truth." That struggle is imminent. The hosts are mustering. The plan of the campaign even now lies mapped before our antagonists. The chieftains in the ranks of our fold are bronzed warriors—cool, calm, clear-visioned. The battle shall not be with tramp of war-horse, or peal of clarion, or rush of scythed-chariot, or plumed helmet, or glittering spear. No; the weapons are of substance more ethereal; but the cambat is, therefore, the more fierce and stern. Principles! Principles! Thought! Spirit!—these are the implements and enginry of the struggle. Despotism against Freedom! We would have you swell our ranks; we would have you fitted for the hour of trial. We would, therefore, persuade you to-night to decision. With many of you, all you need is *decision* for *Christ.* You know your duty—more light is unnecessary. It is yours to step out from the ranks of ungodliness and become now, at once, enrolled with the hosts who served the God of your mothers. Why not? You would live a consistent life, you tell us. You cannot bear the thought of incontency. Your sense of honorable manhood shrinks from such a possibility. And, from what you know yourself, and of the perils of a life of loyalty to Christ, you see no prospect of stability were you to profess yourself a member of Christ's Church. Well, we appreciate your sentiments; we admire your ideal of true manhood. But let us remind you of a few facts. There is danger from *within your heart.* But, decision secures for you that renewal of your heart whereby you became "a new creature." Conscience is enthroned. Will is enfranchised. Heart transformed by no less a power than the love of God, shed abroad in it by the Holy Ghost given unto you. Now, when you *would* do good, you can, for you are "made free from the law of sin and death." You tell me of the dangers lurking in *your body:* of appetites, whose seat and instruments are there; of senses, avenues of ill; and that with such it is impossible to struggle and win. But, your *very body* becomes "the temple of the Holy Ghost," by whose inworkings all its members become servants of righteousness: every pulse is refined, every function regulated, by the subjugating and, may I say so, the sublimating operation of "the Spirit of Holiness," so that every particle of the living frame shares in the transfused purity, and becomes as precious in His eyes as was the dust of the sacred shrine, which once adorned Sion's crests, to the Jew. You tell me of the Devil—of his subtlety, his virulence, his experience; of the hosts with him the relentless hate they cherish, and the unwearying, pauseless purpose they pursue, with a persistency indomitable, and a resolve unyielding as the laws which bind the the spheres. But, they are self-subjects of Him who spoiled principalities and powers, and whom you serve. They know Him—who he is. They crouch at his footstool; they tremble at His glance. And against their hosts we ask your open vision to behold the squadron of the sons of light. For every lance hurled by Hell, there is a seraph shield to catch and shiver it. For every falchion thrust, there is an angel scimitar, of edge as keen and temper as high, wielded by hand as skillful, and guided by eye as quick—as vigilant; as swift to parry and as strong to shatter; for, are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who are the "heirs of salvation?"

Sir Bartle Frere now of South Africa, when Governor of Bombay, thus wrote:

"I speak simply as to matters of experience and observation, and not of opinions, just as a Roman prefect might have reported to Trajan or to Antonines; and I assure you that, whatever you may be told to the contrary, the teaching of Christianity among one hundred and sixty millions of civilized, industrious Hindoos and Mohammedans in India is effecting changes—moral, social, and political—which, for extent and rapidity of effect, are far more extraordinary than anything you or your fathers have witnessed in Modern Europe."

☞ At the monthly meeting of the Y. M. C. A., held at the Lyceum, on Thursday evening, August 28th, the "Future of the Chinese Empire," was the topic of discussion. Messrs. Hyde, Bishop, Dempsy, Damon, took part. Is proved to be an interesting subject, but one the magnitude of which loomed up, in its vast proportions, the more it was discussed. It is evidently a question, which is more or less, to become involved in the future politics of every civilized nation on the globe. It is not only a question to be discussed in America and at the Islands, but Spain, Peru, the Australian Colonies, Japan, Russia, Birman Empire, Siam and other parts of the world are deeply concerned. As it is the oldest and most polulous country, of the globe and the subject merits the profoundest study which can be given to its consideration. Such as imagine the Chinese question may be settled or ignored, by a few flippant, off hand, and smart remarks will find themselves greatly mistaken.

—The following letter of General Grant significantly points to the "Future of the Chinese Empire":

"I have now been in Peking three days, and have seen all of interest in the city. I have found China and the Chinese much as you have often described it and them. It is not a country nor a people calculated to invite the traveller to make a second visit; but the Chinese are people of wonderful shrewdness and industry, and are rapidly monopolizing trade as carriers, merchants, mechanics, market gardeners and servants from Bombay, eastward. Their leading men seem to have a thorough appreciation of the necessity for internal improvements, such as railroads, etc., but have a horror of introducing them with foreign capital and under foreign management. Their idea seems to be rather to educate a sufficient number of their own young men abroad, to fit them as engineers, machinists, soldiers, sailors, etc., and then make their improvements with their own men and money. My belief is that in less time from now than half a century Europe will be complaining of the rapid advance of China."

COMMENCEMENT AT "YALE."—A correspondent writes: "Last Sunday morning, I heard Dr. (Pres.) Porter's Baccalaureate. His discourse on the Old Law and the New, the Old Commendment and the New, met the philosophy of the day, with a philosopher's weapon. Such methods charm me exceedingly. The doctor in this field is probably not equalled in the nation. This hour while I write, is his Reception of the Graduates at the Art Gallery,—a most brilliant gathering, nothing equal to it in New Haven. Yale College, what a power! I scarcely know which admire most Dr. Porter, Dr. Woolsey, or Dr. Bacon. All different from each other, but each have honor enough for a state or a nation."

☞ THE London *Times* deplores the curse it does little to remove: "There is something exceedingly irritating that a great part of the harvest raised with infinite care and pains, instead of adding to the national wealth, and bringing rich returns, is poured, in the shape of liquid fire, down the throats of the nation that produced it, and instead of leaving them wiser and happier, tends to impoverish them by vicious and debilitating indulgence."

IT would be very wrong to overlook the splendid service which English missionaries are doing all over the world, yet, in view of the Afghan and Zulu campaigns, there is a sharp point in the following from *Punch:* "British missions to the heathen: Old Style, Henry Martyn; New style, Martini-Henry."